

Oxford Democrat.

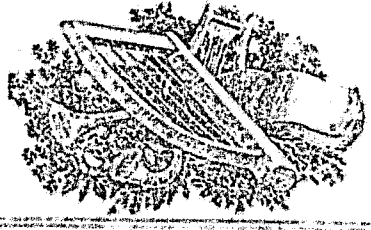
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POETRY.

The following heart-thrilling stanzas, by La Martine, the greatest living poet of France, are extracted from his Farewell to the Academy of Marseilles, on the eve of embarking for the Holy Land. We give them as translated in the Foreign Quarterly Review:

THOUGHTS ON THE HOLY LAND.

I have not yet felt the sea of sand
The slumberous rocking of the desert bar,
Nor quenched my thirst at eve with quivering hand
By Lebanon's well, beneath the palm-trees dark;
Nor in the pilgrim's tent my mantle spread,
Nor laid me in the desert where Job had lain,
Nor, while the canvass murmured overhead,
Dreary Jacob's mystic dreams again.

Of the world's pages, one is yet unread,
How the stars tremble in Chaldea's sky,
With what a sense of nothingness we tread,
How the heart beats when God appears so high—
How on the soul, beside some column lone,
The shadows of old days descend and hover,
How the grass speaks, the earth sends out its moan,
And the breeze wails that wanderers over.

I have not heard in the tall cedar top
The cries of nations echo and to fro;
Nor seen from Lebanon the eagles drop
On Tyre's deep-buried places below;
I have not laid my head upon the ground
Where Tadmor's temples in the desert decay,
Nor startled, with my footfall's dreary sound,
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

I have not stretched where Jordan's current flows,
Heard how the loud lamenting river weeps,
With moans and cries a sadder strain than those
With which the mournful Prophet stirred its deeps;
Nor felt the transports which the soul inspires
In the deep grot, where he, the bard of kings,
Felt at the sound of night, a hand of flame
Seize on the harp, and sweep the strings.

I have not wandered o'er the plain, whereon
Beneath the olive-tree, the Saviour wept;
Nor traced his tears the hallowed trees upon
Which jealous angels have not all wept;
Nor, in the garden washed, through night sublime,
Where, while the bloody sweat was undergone,
The echo of his sorrows and my crime
Rung in one listening ear alone!

Nor have I bent my forehead on the spot
Where his ascending footsteps pressed the clay;
Nor worn with lips devout the rock-hewn spot,
Where, in his mother's tears embathed he lay;
Nor smote my breast on that sad mountain-side,
Where, even in death, conquering the powers of fate,
His arms, as to embrace our earth, he spread,
And bowed his head to bless it there!

THE SQUATTER.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Early in the fall of 1824, a fire broke out in the woods, near Wiscasset and Alna, two pretty villages in Maine, which, after spreading itself slowly and quietly through the underbrush of that neighborhood for a few days, without exciting any unusual attention, appeared to go out of itself. And then, as if it had been refreshing itself by repose, gathering its whole strength, while the inhabitants were looking another way, it burst forth anew, and re-appeared, with astonishing suddenness, in twenty places at once; encompassing the whole neighborhood, as with a wall of fire, and extending itself, not gradually, nor slowly, but with the swiftness of a conquering army, mounted upon the steeds of the Desert, and with a noise like that of the great deep, even to the British Dominions; filling the air with a preternatural paleness, oversweeping the wilderness, of timber-trees, lying between the States and the Provinces, and literally destroying millions of acres.

Three men were at work in the woods towards the lines—Walker and two others; Walker lived at Thompson-pond. I have the story from one of the parties. The first thing they saw, as they were at work, with nothing to apprise them of their danger—no signs in heaven or earth—nothing but a little laziness in the atmosphere, which they took no notice of at the time, and only remembered afterwards, while they were running for their lives—a large tree took fire close by them. They looked up, and without speaking a word, started off at full speed for the nearest water they were acquainted with, so hotly pursued by the fire, that they never stopped until they reached the Schoodic river, forty miles off, into which they all plunged, one after the other, as they arrived at the bank, holding their heads under the water, as long as they could, and only looking out long enough to get their breath. Of

these three, one died on the shore, another, Walker himself, about six months afterwards. The other is still living.

Another case. A man—I forget his name—was at work, digging potatoes. Happening to look up, he saw an old stump fire, a little way off. Not dreaming of danger, but wondering where the fire could come from, as he saw nothing to cause it, he happened to turn toward another quarter of the sky. It was all in commotion—over the top of a hill not far off, the flames were pouring with a steady uninterrupted rush, as if they had overspent a barrier, and were tumbling through some vast cavern of the earth, like the waters of Niagara. Heavy black clouds were gathered about the base, and almost upon a level with it; and through these, the fire streamed, in thick flashes, with the roar of approaching battle, a sensible vibration of the earth.

In less than three minutes, and before the poor fellow had time to recollect himself, or hardly to get his breath he found himself completely surrounded. He started for his house, only a few rods off, but before he could reach it, a stack of grain which he had to pass on the way, took fire—and the next moment his barn—and finally the house itself, before he could reach it. And then, the blackness and desolation, above and below, and all about him—the sky thundering afar off—the earth quaking underneath his feet—the flames pouring over the tops of the nearest hills, and through the tempestuous gathering of clouds,

Like sheets of light, in their descent
Through midnight's parting firmament.

All this had he to encounter. But he reached the house—appeared at the door-way for a moment, called to his wife to save his youngest child—and then, catching up the other two, as they lay stretched out upon the floor, he sprang for the high road, without looking behind him. It was only a few rods off—but when he arrived there, he missed his wife and the youngest child. Providentially, there was a large open place not far off. Leaving his two boys there, he returned for his wife. On reaching the door, and seeing the frightful appearance of the sky, she had fainted. They were all saved, but their house and barn were destroyed—all their property, every thing they had on earth, but the clothes upon their backs. And to this hour, that unhappy mother is haunted by the recollection of that terrible appearance of the sky. To her, it was the Last Day. And if she heard not the trumpet of the Archangel, summoning the countless nations of all the earth to judgment, while the heavens were rolled together as a scroll, and the mountains were melted with fervent heat, she heard what she believed to be the breaking up of the very foundations of the Universe. And she fainted. For even the mother could not bear the sight, with her youngest-born at her breast, its little arms outstretched towards the alarming brightness—its parched lips trembling, and its eyes shining with terror, as it turned to her, and clung to her, gasping for breath. Her fright was even too much for a mother's love.

But what are these—all these—to the story I have now to tell? There was a man by the name of Hayes, who, in consequence of I know not what violation of the laws, had been taken to that region along our frontier, which the King of Netherlands thought proper to recommend the abandonment of, not long ago.

Hayes had been educated, was a fiery, intrepid fellow.

"Sir," said he to me one day, "I am a sad fellow—very childish, very wicked, and of course very wretched. I am a fool, I know—but I can't help it. I never see a fur cap of that color, pointing to his own, which lay steaming on a settle, before a huge roaring fire—from the head of a boy, without feeling as if I could cry my eyes out. I have been, what you told me once you were—a husband and father, a proud father, and a happy husband. You remember the fires we had in 1824? Well, I had camped out that fall, and was making a fortune; how, and with what view, I save the question rising to your throat; Well, I had left my wife; no matter why; incompatibility of temper, if you like. All I have to say is, that she was altogether too good for me. Had she been more of a woman, and less of an angel, I should not have been what I am now—an outcast—a wanderer—a hunted outlaw. Oh, you needn't stare. I've told you about all I mean to tell you on that head. Well—we separated—in plain English, I ran away, and left my wife; taking with me only one child—my poor dear Jerry—the only one I was sure of; for between ourselves, my good sir, the devil had put it into my head to be jealous of my poor wife—and so I left her all the children with blue and gray eyes, and took with me the only one that resembled me. Ah, if you could but have seen that boy's eyes! They were like sunshine, though black as death. Well, Jerry and I got along pretty well together for nearly three years, when one day I received a letter from my wife, saying that Luther, my eldest boy, and the two blue-eyed babies, were in their graves. Two were drowned in each other's arms—the other died of a broken heart—a mere baby—ut it pined itself to death after I disappeared—she told me so, and I be-

lieve her—asking for farther, poor father, a hundred times in a day, and whenever it awoke in the night; and dying—literally dying, with that word upon its lips. My wife added, that she was coming home. What could I say? I was a fool and a madman; but what could I say? Well, our arrangements were made, and I set off to meet her—leaving my poor little boy at home, with a hired girl to take care of him, until I got back. To be sure that he would not go astray, I had tied a young Newfoundland puppy, of which he was very fond, to the post of his trundle-bed—telling him to stay there until I returned with his mother, which would be in the course of that afternoon, or towards night-fall."

Here he stopped, and his breathing changed; but after a few minutes, began anew, in a low and staid, though much altered tone.

"Well Sir—we met once more—and she gave me; and we were happy. And so, I took her into my arms, lifted her into the saddle, and we started together—two as happy human creatures, as there were upon the face of the whole earth—notwithstanding the self-reproach and heaviness I felt, on hearing the particulars of what I cannot bear to speak of yet, or even to think of—the death of Luther and his two elder sisters. Poor Luther—poor baby! Well, we were already more than half way back to the place where she was prepared to see her little nestling asleep and dreaming of its mother—his dear new mother, as he called her, and persisted in calling her, from the moment I told him that she was coming to live with us. Poor little fellow! He had almost forgotten her. Suddenly, as we were descending the top of a hill, our horse began to snort—my wife caught my arm, and as I turned towards her, I saw the awful western sky in a preternatural glow. Before I could speak, a strange darkness swept by, and I felt as if the hand of death were upon me; I tried to speak, but I could not. I could only urge my wife to follow—and clapping spurs to my horse, I rode straightway toward the fire. Once only, did I turn—and then only to look back and forbid her to follow me further.

Well, I arrived at the place; and there I found—bear with me patiently—first the hired girl, frightened half out of her senses, and hiding under a fence. I asked her for my boy. She stood aghast at the inquiry. Her only reply was a wandering of the eyes, as if in search of something. At last, and with great difficulty she recollected herself enough to say, that she had not run far, she sat down to rest herself, looking toward the path by which we were expected—that some how or other, she fell asleep—and that the last she remembered was, something little Jerry had said about going back to unite poor Carlo! My heart died away with me. I knew that I was childless—I knew it—don't talk to me—I knew it. And it was so. When I arrived at my house, I found it nearly destroyed by the fire—and a little way off, lay my poor boy, with Carlo watching over him. The child was dead—that is Carlo you see there. My wife is in the madhouse, at Philadelphia—and here am I. God forgive me!"

Extract from the Knickerbocker.

What nation presents such a spectacle as ours, of a confederated government, so complicated, so full of checks and balances, over such a vast extent of territory, with so many varied interests, and yet moving so harmoniously! I go within the walls of the Capitol at Washington, and there, under the star-spangled banners that wave amid its domes, I find the representatives of three territories, and of twenty-four nations, nations in many senses they may be called, that have within them all the germ and sinew to raise a greater people than many of the proud principalities of Europe, all speaking one language—all acting with one heart, and all burning with the same enthusiasm—the love and glory of our common country—even if parties do exist, and bitter domestic quarrels now and then arise. I take my map, and I mark from whence they come. What a breadth of latitude, and of longi-ude, too,—in the fairest portion of North America! What a variety of climate,—and then what a variety of production! What a stretch of sea-coast, on two oceans,—with harbors enough for the commerce of the world! What an immense national domain, surveyed, and unsurveyed, of extinguished, and unextinguished Indian titles within the States and Territories, and without, estimated, in the aggregate, to be 1,090,871,753 acres, and to be worth the immense sum of \$1,363,569,690—730,000,000 acres of which are without the bounds of the States and the Territories, and are yet to make new States and to be admitted into the Union! Our annual revenue, now, from the sales, is over three millions of dollars. Our national debt, too, is nearly or quite extinguished,—and yet within fifty-eight years, starting with a population of about three millions, we have fought the War of Independence, again not gloriously struggled with the greatest naval power in the world, fresh with laurels won on sea and land,—and now we have a population of over 13,000,000 of souls. One cannot feel the grandeur of our Republic, unless he surveys it in detail. For

example, a Senator in Congress from Louisiana, has just arrived at Washington. Twenty days of his journey he passed in a steam-boat on inland waters,—moving not so rapidly, perhaps, as other steam-boats sometimes move, in deeper waters,—but constantly moving, at a quick pace too, day and night. I never shall forget the rapture of a traveller, who left the green parks of New Orleans early in March,—that land of the orange and the olive, then teeming with verdure, freshness and life, and, as it were, mocking him with the mid-summer leisurely budding of the young flowers and to catch the breeze of Spring. He crossed the Lakes Pontchartrain and Brogue; he ascended the big Tombecbee in a comfortable steam-boat. From Tuscaloosa, he shot athwart the wilds of Alabama, over Indian grounds, that bloody battles have rendered ever memorable. He traversed Georgia, the Carolinas, ranged along the base of the mountains of Virginia,—and for three months and more, he enjoyed one perpetual, one unvarying, ever-coming Spring,—that most delicious season of the year, till, by the middle of June, he found himself in the fogs of Passamaquoddy, where tardy summer was even then hesitating whether it was time to come. And yet he had not been off the soil of his own country. The flag that he saw on the summit of the fortress, on the lakes near New Orleans, was the like of that which floated from the staff on the hills of Fort Sullivan, in the easternmost extremity of Maine,—and the morning gun that startled his slumbers, among the rocky battlements that defy the wild tides of the Bay of Fundy, was not answered all many minutes after, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The swamps, the embankments, the cane-brakes of the Father of Waters, on whose muddy banks the croaking alligator displayed his ponderous jaws,—the cotton-fields, the rice-grounds of the low southern country,—and the vast fields of wheat and corn in the regions of the mountains, were far, far behind him:—and he was now, in a Hyperborean land—where nature wore a rough and surly aspect, and a cold soil and a cold climate, drove man to hunch his bark upon the ocean, to dare wind and wave, and to seek from the deep, in fisheries, and from freights, the treasures his own home will not give him. Indeed, such a journey as this, in one's own country, to an inquisitive mind, is worth all the 'tours of Europe.' If a young American, then, wishes to feel the full importance of an American Congress, let him make such a journey. Let him stand on the levee at New Orleans and count the number and tiers of American vessels that there lie, four, five, and six thick, on its long embankment. Let him hear the puff, puff, puff, of the high-pressure steam-boats, that come sweeping in almost every hour, perhaps from a port two thousand miles off,—from the then frozen winter of the North, to the still burning summer of the South,—all inland navigation,—fleets of them under his eye,—splendid boats, too, many of them—as the world can show, with elegant rooms, neat births, spacious saloons, and a costly piano, it may be,—so that travellers can dance or sing their way to Louisville, as if they were on a party of pleasure. Let him survey all these, as they come in with products from the Red River twelve hundred miles in one direction, or from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, two thousand miles in another direction—from the western tributaries of the vast Mississippi, the thickets of the Arkansas, or White River—from the muddy, far-reaching Missouri, and its hundreds of branches:—and then in the east, from the Illinois, the Ohio, and its numerous tributaries—such as the Tennessee, the Cumberland, or the meandering of which, as the Sandy River, on the borders of Kentucky,—that will in a fresher fret and roar, and dash, as if it were the Father of Floods, till it sinks into nothing, when embosomed in the greater stream, and there acknowledges its own insignificance. Let him 'see the Broad Horns' the adventurous flatboats of western waters, on which—trail bark!—the daring backwoodsman sallies forth from the Wabash, or rivers hundreds of miles above, on a voyage of atlantic distance, with hogs, horses, oxen and cattle of all kinds on board—corn, flour, wheat, all the products of rich western lands,—and let him see them, too, as he stems the strong current of the Mississippi as if the wood on which he floated was realizing the fable of the Nymphs of Ida—goddesses, instead of pines. Take the young traveller where the clear, silvery waters of the Ohio become tinged with the mud from the Missouri, and where the currents of the mighty rivers run apart for miles, as if indignant at the strange embecac. Ascend with him farther, to St. Louis, where, if he looks upon the map he will find that he is about as near the east as the west; and that soon, the emigrant, who is borne on the wave of population that now beats at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and anon will overleap its summits—will speak of him as he now speaks of New England, as far in the east. And then tell him that far west as he is, he is but at the beginning of steam navigation—that the Mississippi itself is navigable six or seven hundred miles upward—and that steamboats have actually gone on the Missouri two thou-

sand one hundred miles above its mouth, and that they can go five hundred miles farther still.

Take him, then, from this land where the woodsman is leveling the forest every hour, across the rich prairies of Illinois, where civilization is throwing up towns and villages, pointed with the spire of the church, and adorned with the college and the school,—then athwart the flourishing fields of Indiana, to Cincinnati,—well called 'the Queen of the West,'—a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, with paved streets, numerous churches, flourishing manufactures, and an intelligent society too, and this in a State with a million of souls in it now, that has undertaken gigantic public works,—where the fierce savages even within the memory of the young men, made the hearts of their parents quake with fear, roaming over the forests, as they did in unbridled triumph, wielding the tomahawk in terror, and, ringing the war hoop like Demons of Vengeance let loose from below. Show him our immense inland seas, from Green Bay to Lake Ontario,—not inconsiderable oceans,—encompassed with fertile fields. Show him the public works of the Empire State, as well as those of Pennsylvania,—works the wonder of the world,—such as no people in modern times have equalled.—And then introduce him to the busy, humming, thriving population of New England, from the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Switzerland of America, to the northern lakes and wide sea coast of Maine. Show him the industry, energy, skill and ingenuity of these hardy people, who let not a rivulet run, nor a puff of wind blow, without turning it to some account, who mingle in every thing, speculate in every thing, and dare every thing where a cent of money is to be earned—whose lumbermen are found not only in the deepest woods of the snowy and fearful wilds of Maine, throwing up sawmills on the lone waterfalls, and making the woods ring with their hissing music—but found too, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and coming also on mighty rafts of deal from every eastern tributary of the wild St. John, Meduxnekeag and Aroostook; streams whose names geographers hardly know. And then too, as it were not enough, they turn their enterprise and form companies 'to log lumber' even on the Ocmulgee and Oconee of the State of Georgia—and on this day they are actually found in the Floridas, there planning similar schemes, and as there are no waterfalls, making steam impel their saws. Show him the banks of the Penobscot, now studded with villages—jewels of places, that have sprung up like magic—the magnificent military road that leads to the United States' garrison at Houlton, a fairy spot in the wilderness, but approached by as excellent a road as the United States can boast of.

Show him the hundreds and hundreds of coasters that run up every creek and inlet of tide water there, at times left high and dry, as if the ocean would never float them more; and then lift him above considerations of a mercenary character, and show him how New England men are perpetuating their high character and holy love of liberty, and how, by neat and elegant churches, that adorn every village; by comfortable school-houses, that appear every two miles, or oftener, upon almost every road, free for every body, high-born and low-born,—by academies and colleges, that thicken even to an inconvenience; by asylums and institutions, munificently endowed, for the benefit of the poor;—and see, too, with what generous pride their bosoms swell when they go within the consecrated walls of Faneuil Hall, or point out the heights of Banker Hill, or speak of Concord or Lexington.

Give any young man such a tour as this—the best he can make—and I am sure his heart will beat quick, when he sees the proud spectacle of the assembling of the representatives of all these people, and all these interests, within a single hall. He will more and more revere the residue of those revolutionary patriots who not only left us such a heritage, won by their sufferings and their blood, but such a constitution—such a government here in Washington, regulating all our national concerns—but who have also, in effect, left for us twenty-four other governments, with territory enough to double them by and by—that regulate all the minor concerns of the people, acting within their own sphere; now, in the winter, assembling within their various capitols, from Jefferson city, on Missouri, to Augusta, on the Kennebec;—from the capitol on the Hudson, to the government house on the Mississippi.—Show me a spectacle more glorious, more encouraging, than this, even in the pages of all history; such a constellation of free States, with no public force, but public opinion—moving by well regulated law—each in its own proper orbit, around the bright star in Washington; thus realizing, as it were, on earth, almost practically, the beautiful display of infinite wisdom, that fixed the sun in the centre, and sent the revolving planets on their errands. God grant it may end as with them!—[Brooks.]

Crocketty. When Lawrence attempted to assassinate the President, Col. Crockett, who helped to secure the maniac, exclaimed to the crowd:—"I wanted to see the d—dest villain in the world, and now I have seen him."

PONDENCE OF THE AGE.

Washington, Feb. 7, 1835. The whole of this day has been wasted in an idle discussion, provoked by Q. Adams. In consequence of a call upon the President, made at the suggestion of that gentleman, for any information in his possession, touching our relations with France, not already communicated, a communication of several extracts from Mr. Livingston's letter was made to the House this morning. Mr. Adams moved to have it referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, with instructions to report forthwith, upon our relations with France. The impropriety of instructions was immediately shown by Mr. Archer. Indeed, the House would have transcended its powers, in adopting any such proposition. The Committee viewed as the organs of the House, to reduce into form any particular measure, resolved upon by that body, may receive from the House, instructions to embody in a report, the views which a majority of the House entertain upon any subject, but if a subject be referred generally, the time of meeting, as well as the substance of the report, must be left to the discretion of the Committee. The debate was drawn out to considerable length, a variety of views respecting our relations with France, and the mode of treating them, were exhibited, and the result was a simple reference of the document to the Committee. It was satisfactory to observe, that throughout the whole debate, a strong American feeling was displayed. There did not appear to be any disposition to cringe to France, but an unanimous opinion seemed to permeate the House, that unless France should perform her obligations to us, there was nothing for us to do but to take redress into our own hands. Nothing else of any interest has occurred during the week, but the ordinary business of legislation has been closely attended to.

The Senate have not acted upon the nomination of Mr. Taney, and the project of the opposition leaders in that body is to defeat his appointment by legislation. It is proposed to destroy the Circuit to which Mr. Taney would be appointed, and to bribe the West, to come into that measure, by giving an additional Circuit to that section of the United States. The plan will not succeed—the bait does not cover the hook, sufficiently even to conceal the barb. The debate on the Post Office Bill, continues to occupy this branch of the Legislature, and the merits and demerits of the Post Master General, and his subordinates, are continually harped upon. No report has yet been made by the Committee of the House upon the subject of this Department, but it cannot be delayed much longer. Your readers may be prepared to expect some very extraordinary developments.

From the Eastern Argus.

Augusta, Feb. 13, 1835. An animated and interesting debate took place in the Senate yesterday upon the bill regulating elections. The manner in which the subject was treated by the Governor in his message, has drawn the public attention to it, and it is now the principal topic of discussion. That provision is necessary to guard against the disgraceful practice at our elections in times of high political excitement, no one can doubt, and it is to be hoped the Legislature will not adjourn without providing some remedy against them. The bill is in the hands of the committee for amendment, and I cannot doubt its final passage by a large majority. Mr. Emonds of Kennebec, who is undoubtedly a man of very sound intellect, and has acquired a character for integrity and fairness in the Senate, spoke at length against the bill as reported, but agreed in the main with the recommendation of the Governor—his objections were to some of the details of the bill. It was opposed also, upon nearly the same grounds, by Messrs. Purinton, Greene, and Chandler, with great force and clearness.

Dr. Purinton, who was chairman of the committee, and who is understood to be the author of the bill, advocated its passage, in a plain, logical, and comprehensive speech, showing his perfect acquaintance with the subject and his ability to discuss it. Mr. Greene of Somerset, of whom I have before spoken, is decidedly one of the best debaters I have ever seen in our Legislature. He enforces his views in language perfectly chaste and elegant, and at times is very eloquent. Mr. Chandler is emphatically a working man—nothing escapes him, and no man acts upon all questions more understandingly. He is most indefatigable in the discharge of his duty; and when he takes part in debate, no one is listened to with more respect and attention. Mr. Tobin of Oxford, is a plain, common sense man, and possesses talent as a debater much above the ordinary grade of uneducated men. He never speaks without understanding the question, and his arguments are therefore sound and well expressed. The yeomanry of Oxford are ably represented by him. His colleague, Mr. Brown, is a shrewd, sensible, thorough-going democrat of the old school, and watches the expenditure of the People's money with the same care that he does his own. With Mr. Mantor of Somerset, I have not the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance. Those who know him, speak highly of his talents and judgment. His appearance is that of a man of intelligence and good sense.

The Waldo Senators are what you would expect from that truly democratic county.—Dr. Burnham is a gentleman of penetration and discernment, and is one of the most useful members of the Senate. Mr. Miller is a straight-forward, old fashioned democrat, true

as the needle to the pole, to his political principles, and unwavering in his integrity. The Senators from Penobscot are a perfect representation of their constituents. There is no part of New England where there are embodied more enterprise, public spirit, native talent, sound judgment, and Yankee shrewdness, than in the population of the flourishing county of Penobscot. No people better understand their own interests, and the means to promote them—and none are more indefatigable in attaining all objects concerned with them.—Messrs. Bartlett and Fish are their faithful and able representatives, possessing, deservedly, their full share of influence in the public councils.

Of Mr. Greene of York, I have spoken in a former letter. He is a young man of polished education, gentlemanly deportment, and unflinching honesty. Mr. McIntire is one of the venerable patriarchs of democracy, of which our State ought to be proud—plain, but dignified in his appearance, and conscientious in the discharge of every duty.

Mr. Clark, the other Senator from York, has been too long in public life, and is too well known to the democracy of Maine, to require any description from me. No man in this State has labored longer in the vineyard, and with more disinterested industry, than Judge Clark. No man has been truer to his principles, and no one deserves more from his party. His judgment is strong, and his counsel, as a politician, always to be depended upon. He has braved the storm of political persecution in the darkest days of democracy in our State, and has never been found wavering or back-sliding in the slightest degree.

Augusta, February 16, 1835.

The Committee raised in pursuance of the order introduced by Dr. Phelps, in relation to the Records in the office of Secretary of State, of which the Doctor was chairman, made a detailed report in the House on Saturday. It represents the Records in that department to be in the most perfect order, and to the entire satisfaction of the committee. Whatever may have been the motive of the mover of the order, the report, which is in his hand writing, is highly creditable to him inasmuch as it shows that he has the magnanimity to award praise to a political opponent, where it is due to him.—Examinations into the doings of public officers should be frequent, as they are generally attended with beneficial results to the public, and cannot operate to the injury of an officer, who has faithfully performed his duty. In this case the committee unanimously agreed that all the records in the Secretary's office, were kept in better style than any thing they had ever seen. I wonder what the federal papers will invent next fall, as the ground of opposition to our State Administration. They must fabricate something more specious than any thing they have yet been able to seize upon, or their opposition will be hardly worth contending against. The Treasurer's Land Agent's, Secretary's and Adjutant General's offices, have been the objects of their particular attention, and subject to their closets scrutiny, and every thing has been found in such order as to extort praise even from them. The genius of Federalism is however, very inventive, and I have no doubt the caterers for the "Fib Factory" will find something to bark at, in which the little curs will join. When Sam Hyde returns from Washington, he will doubtless have a supply from the Parent Factory enough to furnish all the branches. By the way, I observed in the last Organ of the Factory, some signs of its intentions of coming over to the side of democracy and the people. I pray Heaven to avert from us so dire a calamity.—One rogue is capable of doing infinite mischief in the best regulated institution. But most of all I protest against their managers making use of my name, to give currency to their hypocritical praise of the honest and straight forward democrats of the present Legislature. It would be more commendable, and decidedly more in character for them to confine their adulation to the ten cent affairs of their own party.

Washington, Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1835. The opposition have it must be confessed, a most skillful set of generals and leaders. When they are beat they will not stay beat, but rally again to the charge, either attacking on one flank or the other according to circumstances. To-day there was a striking illustration of this remark, in the Senate. The Bank panic having subsided, without leaving behind even a tortoise hope of getting it revived in another shape, Mr. Clay resorted to an exhumation of the long buried Georgia Cherokee question, and delivered himself of a two hours speech upon the subject. The occasion for the speech was found in the presentation of the memorial of a portion of the Cherokee tribe of Indians residing in Georgia, who are willing to emigrate to the West of the Mississippi, in accordance with the policy of Government, and desire further assistance to aid them in doing so.—Another panic is attempted to be got up on this subject, but what Mr. Clay expects to grow out of it, it is not given to his political opponents to see, till some further developments take place.

But this is not the only manoeuvre of the opposition leaders which has marked their movements to-day. Mr. Frelinghuysen, intent upon distinguishing himself in the latter day's of his service in the Senate, has just developed a new device for the purpose of getting rid of Mr. Taney. He offered a resolution, yesterday, which was taken up and adopted to-day instructing the Judiciary committee to inquire into the expediency of consolidating the Pennsylvania and Maryland, (being the 3d and 4th)

Judicial districts, for the purpose of avoiding the too rapid increases of the Judge of the Supreme Court, and of extending the benefits of the circuit system to the Western States.—Mr. Frelinghuysen solicited himself upon the happy conjuncture of circumstances which enabled Congress to do this great good at the present time. In other words, to consolidate the two districts mentioned, and thus obviate the necessity of acting upon Mr. Taney's nomination, so that when another circuit should be formed in the West, the appointment might be made from that quarter.

I suggested in my last that Mr. Taney would receive his quietus one way or the other yesterday, unless something intervened to prevent it. This is the intervention which I had an inkling of, without having it in sufficient detail to give in terms. But depend on it the device will not work—"that cat won't jump"—it will I suppose necessarily protract the final action upon the nomination, but they must come up to the sticking point, and say aye or no. And this that Mr. Taney has important business in the Supreme Court, which requires his attention, and that he avoids coming here from the most commendable motives.

Before this reaches you, you will perhaps have heard a rumor that Maj. Barry contemplates resigning, in order to receive the appointment to Spain. This may all take place, but it will not be done in a hurry. Major Barry feels so strong in moral honesty that he will not resign under circumstances which would raise a suspicion, even among the opposition, that he was driven to the step by any machination of theirs. They are playing a bold game, and he will see their hands out or I mistake the spirit and integrity of the man.

In the House, the principal business of importance transacted, and which was not of long duration, was the disposition of the French indemnity bill for spoliation, committed prior to 1800. Nothing definite was done with it, but what I consider equivalent to definitive action, there was such a manifestation of opinion and feeling against it, that I think it will rest in statu quo for the present session, and of course it is therefore lost.—Boston States.]

Washington, Saturday, Feb. 7th.

Pursuant to the design concerted by the opposition, Mr. Preston yesterday introduced his bill to supersede the necessity of acting on Mr. Taney's nomination. There is no doubt they can pass it through the Senate at pleasure, but unless some public exigency, other than the disposal of Mr. Taney in that way, shall require it, the House of Representatives will not sanction the bill.

The proceedings of to-day have been marked by the final disposition of a most important measure in one branch of the Legislature. I mean the bill changing the organization of the General Post Office, a subject in which every man, woman and child in the community are directly interested. This bill having undergone many amendments, and a most thorough examination, passed the Senate to-day by yeas and nays, unanimously—some evidence that the provisions of the bill are acceptable, and that it is imperiously called for. Indeed, it will be a source of great pleasure to succeeding administrations, that the department will be so organized as to afford no measure hereafter of fault-finding, to use it against them. The bill attracted a great share of attention in its passage—there were but few members who had not something to say about it, or some amendment to offer. Decidedly the most troublesome and annoying of the spokesmen was Mr. Porter, of Louisiana, who said a vast deal, but nothing that he ought to have said. His remarks were confined almost entirely in reply to a condemnation of the President's communication last summer to the people of New Orleans, in which he alluded to the course of the Louisiana Senators upon the Post Office Report. Mr. P. was not content to batter down the President yesterday, but having taken breath last night, he returned to the charge with renewed vigor to-day. In the tirade which accompanied his marchings and counter-marchings to-day, he reminded me, for all the world of a Yankee invention which I heard the patentee once describe, for picking the bones out of a dead man. This operation was performed by a most ingenious mode of passing a wire through the ears, taking the mouth by the way, in which was fixed a supply of torched tongues—the wire being set in motion by the patentee, the tongues revolved so rapidly as to drive the fish down the gourmand's throat, while, the bones were thrown out at the corner of his mouth.—This process was accompanied by such a clattering as rivalled the builders of Babel.

In the House Mr. Robinson, of Virginia, (who succeeded Mr. Stevenson) submitted a resolution, relative to the public printing, which repeals all other rules and joint resolutions on the subject, and provides that the printing for the several departments shall be let out upon contract to the lowest bidder. The resolution was not acted on, but is evidently designed as an offset to the *extra voce* resolution offered by Mr. Reynolds.

It seems a little queer that a man elected himself *extra voce*, from a State than "Pandora's box," as Mr. Leigh says, should thus oppose a resolution which is in perfect accordance with his principles when at home.

The President communicated letters from Mr. Livingston, dated Paris, Dec. 3d and 22d. The refusal of the French Ministers to make our Treaty a Cabinet measure ends all prospect of its ratification, or of our ever gaining anything by peaceable means alone.

Mr. Adams made a motion, with the view of calling out an immediate Report from the Committee on Foreign Relations—he appeared inclined to sustain the President in his position relative to France. After considerable debate the communication of the President was referred to the Committee of Foreign Relations, divested of the order to report immediately with which Mr. A. wished to accompany it. [Boston States.]

Washington, Monday, Feb. 9th.

You have no doubt observed in the regular proceedings of Congress, that upon a resolution introduced by Mr. Calhoun a short time ago, to the extent, the increase, and the practicality of diminishing executive patronage. Mr. Calhoun made his report on this subject to-day from which it would seem that he had been prying into every public expenditure, for the purpose of charging it to the account of executive power and influence. Col. Benton was a member of the committee, and dissented from the general drift of the paper which is so drawn as to make an impression against the administration, although it is not expressed in such a way as to produce that effect.

When the report was read, a motion to print 30,000 extra copies was made, upon which a debate sprung up, when Gov. "Poins," who has not had an opportunity of venting his spleen since Saturday, and having a store on hand which he was afraid would spoil, hurried it out against the administration. He said a world of stuff about the Executive wasting the public treasure, putting his fingers into the treasury, using the public money as his own, turning out officers who would not do his bidding, all of which was said a thousand and one times last winter, and which the people replied to in their own legitimate, but quiet way, at the ballot-boxes last fall.

Mr. King, of Georgia, replied very briefly, not to this tirade of old Poins's, but to the economy manifested in the motion, by gentlemen who the moment before complained of executive extravagance. Col. Benton followed at considerable length, taking up the prominent features of the report, and analyzed it with a master hand, and truly I never saw an adversary so completely demolished and slaughtered in debate, as was that report by Col. Benton.

The document is principally founded on the anticipation of an average sum of nine millions surplus revenue, per annum, for the next seven years, and recommends an amendment of the constitution, so as to allow of its being distributed in just proportions among the several States. I have not sufficient room to give you even a bird's-eye view of the scene which was exhibited, but it was really most gratifying to witness the sarcastic manner in which the Col. alluded to the debates of last winter in the Senate.

The opposition, you know, enjoyed the whole monopoly of prediction at that time, and the halls of congress rung with the approaching bankruptcy of the Treasury. This was boldly seized and turned upon his opponents by the Col. and so severely did it tell, that Mr. Calhoun was brought to his feet to enquire of the gentleman from Missouri whether he had made any such prediction. Col. B. answered the enquiry by relating an anecdote. A drummer was taken prisoner in one of the continental wars, and being brought before the commanding general to be examined, he protested against being punished, because he had never fired a shot or handled a deadly weapon. No, said the general, you say truly, but you drummed up others to make battle—away with him to execution! The reply told more than volumes of argument, and altho' Mr. Calhoun attempted a reply, it was brief, but little to the purpose.

You will see from the published debates of Saturday, the leaning of the House upon our French relations, and the most commendable and independent spirit manifested by Mr. Adams to support the administration to the full in that matter. There are hardly two opinions in the House on the subject, so completely are they determined to support the President.—Gales & Seaton are almost ready to foist upon prediction forever, since their signal failure on this subject.

A proposition was made in the House, to-day to proceed to the election of printer next Thursday, and Mr. Robinson spoke in favor of his resolution to have the work done by contract, but nothing definite was done on the subject. The time was principally consumed upon Territorial business, of little general importance. [Boston States.]

CONGRESS.

In the Senate on Monday, Mr. Southard presented a resolution directing the Post Master General to lay before the Senate an estimate of the amount of money necessary for that Department for the year 1835, and also to furnish a statement of the debts owing by the department, together with the names of the creditors, when, and the services for which they were contracted; which was agreed to. Mr. Hill presented several resolutions relative to the affairs of the general Post Office, declaring the Department bound for all the debts contracted in executing the laws of Congress; in relation to the carriage of mails, and directing the Secretary of the Senate to report the aggregate expense incurred by the committee of the Post Office and Post Roads, over and above their pay as Senators. Mr. Calhoun from the committee, to which was referred the resolution as to the amount of Executive Patronage, reported a bill regulating the deposits of public money in the State Banks, also a joint resolution recommending an alteration of the Constitution

so as to allow a distribution of the surplus revenue among the several States for the coming seven years. The committee also reported a resolution, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to report, at the commencement of the next session of Congress, what duties under the Tariff of 1833, might be reduced, with due regard to manufacturing interests.

The bill regulating deposits was read twice and Thursday assigned for its consideration. An animated and protracted debate arose on the subject and positions of the report, in which Messrs. Benton, Calhoun, Polk, Dexter, Leigh and King participated. A motion to print 10,000 extra copies of the report was carried.

In the House on Monday, a discussion arose on the resolution assigning Tuesday for the choice of Printer to the House, but was suspended by the orders of the day. After passing several bills chiefly of a private or local character, the House adjourned.

In the Senate on Tuesday, the bill reorganizing the Post Office Department was read a third time and passed. The bill fixing the number and salaries of the custom-house officers was taken up and several amendments proposed, but before any vote was taken the Senate adjourned.

In the House on Tuesday, the resolution assigning Tuesday for choice of Printer to the House, *extra voce*, was taken up, and an amendment moved by Mr. Evans, striking out "*extra voce*"—but before he had concluded his remarks in support of the motion, the orders of the day were called. The bill regulating the deposits of public money in the State Banks, was taken up, and several amendments proposed; but before any vote was taken, the House adjourned.—Argus.

We copy the following extract of Mr. Adams' speech from the Washington Globe, and recommend it to the attention of all those who are determined to find fault with the measures of the President, whether good or bad. It rejoices us to see such a spirit of honesty and patriotism in one of the leading members of the opposition, and we sincerely hope it is only a prelude to many more.—Saco Democrat.

"Mr. J. Q. Adams said, in introducing this resolution, his purpose was that the committee on Foreign Relations should be instructed to report forthwith—he used the word forthwith, in order to ascertain whether the House thought it inconsistent with their duty, and the interests and honor of the nation, to leave this great subject any longer without action upon it. And as the action of the House must depend upon the report made by that committee, there was no other mode of arriving at that result than by instructing the committee to report forthwith. He had no objection to any amendment which the honorable chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations (Mr. Cambreleng), or any other member, might propose, who thought it necessary to allow that committee further time to consider the subject—but he deemed it important that, as we were then within a short month of the termination of the session, and as from the correspondence just read, as well as from the reports in general circulation throughout the country, he thought it exceedingly doubtful whether anything more definite would be received with respect to the action of the French Government upon that treaty. The letter from Mr. Livingston of the 6th of Dec. the day after the new French ministry had obtained what that gentleman called a victory, speaks in very sanguine terms of the probability of the Chamber of Deputies passing the bill of appropriations. But what did his subsequent letter, dated fifteen days afterwards, say? He tells us that the new ministry were far from willing to hazard their popularity upon proposing the bill. Well, then, Mr. Livingston concluded with saying, that he was by no means sanguine—and other reports from Paris, and from almost every other source, concurred in stating that there was no prospect whatever, that the French Chamber would make any appropriation, to provide for the payment of this debt. That was also the general tenor of all the private communications from Paris. Now under these circumstances, he thought it time for the House to take up the proposition of the President of the United States at the commencement of the present session; to take it up, and see whether the House would do what the President proposed upon the happening of a contingency, which Mr. A. considered as scarcely longer a contingency. He considered the subsequent despatch of Mr. Livingston as equivalent to ascertaining the fact, that the contingency contemplated by the message of the President, would be turned into a reality—that is to say, ascertaining that the French Chamber would do nothing. Mr. A. did not undertake to say that what the President had recommended at the commencement of the session, would be the wisest and the most proper course, but he would say this much, that he believed it to be the duty of the House to act upon this subject, and declare whether they would comply with the proposition of the President, or that they would do something to sustain the rights, interests, and honor of the nation; and that the chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations, in asking for further time, was not pursuing the best course. Mr. A. found himself desirous that the committee should make their report. He had not tied down the committee by proposing instructions as to what they should report. A member of the committee, some days since, did propose

specific instructions proper, by a very proposition. As became more important for the House, and in the mean time, the close of the session more favorable than part of the House. House say to the effect they would sustain it should be found of Deputies had could do no harm House felt what honor and the inter- ever might be said dent, Mr. A. for- over censured his in its spirit. It would the sustainer of the interests of his co- House would not contrasted character United States, by in order not to com- At least, let them be to act and deliberate declare what they would feel when the nation were involved

OXFORD PARIS, FEB. 10. By our latest account message had arrived the natural display much of our Executive. So led to beg and negotiate hain and produced fru- barness, and probably to- ance of their neglect to When after so long a del- in demanding redress er be evaded or shunned their honor touched by the dent's message. The con- is to be regretted, and a- tries to be sincerely dis- agues against the consequ- attendant upon war. W- much to avoid so unpleasant honor or self respect. W- long as France can offer doing—so long as there justice peacefully and lov- we must confess that we even declarations of Fran- omble expectation that a- the treaty into which she- forness of which her nat- ed. Still, more in deference own country, than for t- would omit nothing whic- yield to prevent a recou- have been gratified with- subjecting Congress. The manifested there, appear- action has yet arrived or in- determination to insist up- but one opinion among all- ject we hope that none w- ions, no matter to what p- If war comes, we hope the Convention men among us- are opposed to the present- declared themselves in fav- in this matter they may s- in the President's messag- pear disposed to take a d- before country, we would- till the conviction is forced

The Kennebec Journal and- ting by ballot is, now that the Globe advances ve- tion may be learned by re- per of February 10. Our have undergone no change do not wait for information form, or express our politi- can say as much for itself; if

A Probate Court will be on Tuesday next.

FRENCH R- Extracts of four lette- dated October 4, Nov- and December 22, res- nicated to Congress by- orday, 7th inst. The t- strong hopes, on the pa- the fulfilment of the trea- different character, part of it, which was c- gress.

Mr. Livingston to the [Extra- PA- Sir—Our Diplo- Government are on t- footing. With the Ex- little to discuss; for the every material point on ty. With the Legis- difficulty arises, I can h- nitation. Yet, deeply portance to my fellow- indemnity to which they the country of enforcing gaments solemnly ma- preventing a rupture, w- low the final refusal to- I have felt it my duty- endeavor to avoid this evil- continues to be, a subject- ment.

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specific instructions, but the House thought proper, by a very small majority, to reject the proposition. As the time passed, however, it became more imperative, more absolutely necessary for the House to act upon this important subject. For himself, he desired action; and in the mean time, between this and the close of the session of Congress, if any thing more favorable should turn up, action on the part of the House could do no wrong. Let the House say to the nation, and to the world, that they would sustain the President in the proposition he made. Let them say so to the world, and if their declaration went to Europe, and if it should be found that the French Chamber of Deputies had made the appropriation, it could do no harm; but it would show that the House felt what was due to the dignity, the honor and the interests of the nation. What might be said of the message of the President, Mr. A. for one would say, as was once said in the case of General La Fayette, that whoever censured its imprudence, must yet admire its spirit. It would go forth to all mankind as the sustainer of the rights, the honor, and the interests of his country, and he hoped the House would not suffer itself to appear in a contradicted character with the President of the United States, by shrinking from responsibility, in order not to commit themselves to the nation. At least, let them have the subject in a shape to act and deliberate upon, so that they might declare what they would do, and how they would feel when the honor and interests of the nation were involved.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 24, 1835.

By our latest accounts from France, the President's message had arrived there. The French papers as is natural, display much indignation at the decided tone of our Executive. So long as this country was disposed to beg and negotiate for our rights—to appeal to their honor and pretended friendship, they praised our forbearance, and probably laughed at our patient endurance of their neglect to redress acknowledged wrongs. When after so long a delay they find that we are in earnest in demanding redress—that the question can no longer be evaded or shuffled off, then they affect to consider their honor touched by the peremptory tone of the President's message. The condition of our affairs with France is to be regretted, and a rupture between the two countries is to be sincerely deprecated. We do not shut our eyes against the consequences and the evils necessarily attendant upon war. We would be willing to sacrifice much to avoid so unpleasant an issue, but no particle of honor or self respect. We would be willing to delay so long as France can offer us any reasonable excuse for so doing—so long as there is any prospect of her doing us justice peaceably and honorably. But at the same time we must confess that we can find in the conduct and even declarations of France no ground for hope, or reasonable expectation that she will fulfill the conditions of the treaty into which she has entered, and to the performance of which her national honor and faith are pledged. Still, more in deference to the opinions of some in our own country, than for the gratification of France we would omit nothing which national self respect may yield to prevent a recourse to extreme measures. We have been gratified with the tone of the debate on this subject in Congress. The only difference of opinion manifested there, appears to be, whether the crisis for action has yet arrived or not. As to our rights and the determination to insist upon them, there appears to be but one opinion among all political parties. On this subject we hope that none will forget that they are Americans, no matter to what political party they may belong. If war comes, we hope that we may find no Hartford Convention men among us. Many of the papers which are opposed to the present administration, have manifestly declared themselves in favor of their country, even in this matter they may support the opinions expressed in the President's message. If there are others who appear disposed to take a different course, and place party before country, we would distrust such appearances until the conviction is forced upon us.

The Kennebec Journal asks what our opinion of voting by ballot is, now that it is made a party question and the Globe advocates voting viva voce. Our opinion may be learned by reference to an article in our paper of February 10. Our opinions, right or wrong, have undergone no change since their formation. We do not wait for information from Washington before we form, or express our political opinions. If the Journal can say as much for itself, it has been sadly misled.

A Probate Court will be held at the Probate Office on Tuesday next.

FRENCH RELATIONS.

Extracts of four letters from Mr. Livingston, dated October 4, November 22, December 6, and December 22, respectively, were communicated to Congress by the President on Saturday, 7th inst. The three first letters express strong hopes, on the part of Mr. Livingston, of the fulfillment of the treaty. The last is of a different character. We publish below that part of it, which was communicated to Congress.

Mr. Livingston to the Secretary of State. [EXTRACTS.]

PARIS, 22d Dec. 1834.

SIR:—Our Diplomatic Relations with this Government are on the most extraordinary footing. With the Executive branch, I have little to discuss; for they agree with me in every material point on the subject of the Treaty. With the Legislature, where the great difficulty arises, I can have no official communication. Yet, deeply impressed with the importance to my fellow citizens of securing the indemnity to which they are entitled, and to the country of enforcing the execution of engagements solemnly made to it, as well as of preventing a rupture, which must infallibly follow the final refusal to execute the Convention, I have felt it my duty to use every proper endeavor to avoid this evil. This has been, and continues to be, a subject of much embarrassment.

My last despatch, (6th December,) was written immediately after the vote of the Chamber of Deputies had, as it was thought, secured a majority to the administration—and it naturally excited hopes which that supposition was calculated to inspire. I soon found, however, both from the tone of the administration press, and from the language of the King and all the Ministers with whom I conferred on the subject, that they were not willing to put their popularity to the test on our question. It will not be made one, on the determination of which the Ministers are willing to risk their port folios. The very next day after the debate, the ministerial gazette (Les Debates) declared that, given to their system, it was at perfect liberty to exercise its discretion as to particular measures which do not form an essential part of that system, and the communication I subsequently had with the King and the Ministers, confirmed me in the opinion that the law for executing our convention, was to be one of those free questions. I combated this opinion, and asked whether the faithful observance of treaties was not an essential part of their system; and if so, whether it did not come within their rule. Without answering this argument, I was told of the endeavors they were making to secure the passage of the law, by preparing the statement mentioned in my former despatch. This, it is said, is nearly finished; and from what I know of its tenor, it will produce all the effect that truth and justice can be expected to have on prejudice and party spirit.

The decision, not to make it a cabinet question, will not be without its favorable operations.

* * * * *

some of the leaders of the opposition, who may not be willing to take the responsibility of a rupture between the two nations by breaking the treaty, when they are convinced that instead of forcing the Ministers to resign, they will themselves only incur the odium of having caused the national breach. In this view of the subject, I shall be much aided, if, by the tenor of the President's Message, it is seen that we shall resent the breach of faith they contemplated. It is on all hands conceded that it would be imprudent to press the decision before the next month, when the exposition will be printed and laid before the Chambers.

On the whole, I am far from being sanguine of success in the endeavors which I shall not cease to make for the accomplishment of this important object of my mission; and I expect with some solicitude the instructions for my conduct, in the probable case of a rejection of the law.

I have the honor to be, &c.

(Signed) EDW. LIVINGSTON.

Hon. JOHN FORSYTH,

Secretary of State.

From the Augusta Age.

IRRESPONSIBLE POWER.

A branch of the highest Legislative body in this country, has done little else for a year past than to talk of "Executive usurpations" and "irresponsible power." Have they not had the same object in view, with the thief, who cried "stop thief!" to escape detection? The present Executive of the United States, however he may have been at fault in other respects, is the last man to be accused of forgetting or violating his responsibility to the source of all power—the PEOPLE. To them has he universally appealed for their judgment upon his conduct; and to their will, whenever expressed, has he faithfully and implicitly submitted, meeting, at their call, and in their behalf, a torrent of vituperation, calumny and false accusation, without a parallel in the history of political warfare.

But how stands the case with the professed contemners of irresponsible power—the majority of the present Senate of the United States? Do they practice, cherish the principle of responsibility in high places? Are they ever mindful of their accountability to the people—ever ready to listen to, and swift to obey the source of power? Do they really dislike what they so much condemn—or have they raised the cry of "irresponsible power," to divert the attention of the people from their own alarming usurpation of that power? Let the unheeded instructions of the People, to their misrepresenting Senators, answer! Every party act of the Senate, for a year past, has been the act of "irresponsible power,"—of a body of men who acknowledge not the supremacy of the People, and whom the People could not control. Again and again, have the People vainly endeavored to assert their supremacy in this modern star-chamber. Their express commands have been set at defiance. Again and again have they elected Senators, who they believed, would prove faithful to their principles, and as often have they been foiled and disappointed. The factious trio, who there hold their daily orgies, have sattered away, piece by piece, in the minds of their followers, the great principle of responsibility to the people, until not even a vestige remains. Honest men, who went there with a determination to prove faithful to the People, have sipped from the maddening cup of disappointed ambition presented by the reckless trio, until they have forgotten all their obligations to the People, violated every pledge by which they were elected, and belied every principle which they had previously cherished. Thus has this body been kept against the People of the Country, and thus have the efforts of the People to reassume their rightful control, and to away the exercise, in a free Government, of "irresponsible power," been foiled and defeated.

But it has been reserved for the present session, to cap the climax of Senatorial usurpation. Resistance of the People has long been the order of the day. That was not enough! They must now be insulted by their rebellious servants. We extract from the proceedings of the Senate:—

"Mr. Clay submitted the following:—

Resolved, That the Resolutions of the Legislature of Alabama, instructing their Senators in Congress, &c. BE NOT RECEIVED!"

It was not enough that the instructions of the People had been disobeyed—that their sovereign will, expressed through the highest appropriate organs, had been disregarded!—No! this lawless impeacher of the defender of his Country, and the preserver of the Union, would have them excluded from the Senate Chamber, and deny the People even the privilege of communicating with their public servants. When they go up there to enforce their wishes, and present their commands, the door of the Senate Chamber is to be thrust contemptuously in their face! Verily, we must be in the midst of a revolution, when the servant thus claims the right, not only to control, but to insult his master, and the last vestige of even the forms of popular supremacy is abolished by the ephemeral tyrants who rule in the Senate of the U. States.

"Be sure you're right, then—go ahead."

We perceive a disposition among some of our editorial brethren, to oppose every measure which may by possibility lead to extremities in our controversy with France. Among these the editor of the Boston Liberator seems to stand forth very prominently. He is almost raving for peace, and in the multiplicity of his fears calls on all—men, women and children, to interpose and persuade Congress to take no step which may lead to so desperate an alternative as a war. Now we have no doubt but that these men are sincere in their desire for peace but do they not pursue the wrong course to obtain this result? To us it appears that they reason from false premises and consequently they reason erroneously. They sit down in the first place, and after ascertaining the amount of our claim upon France proceed nicely to calculate the expenses of a war and find out that the balance is against the war, they cry out lustily against resorting to coercive measures, just as though it was merely a question of dollars and cents. Now we should probably as deeply regret to see this country plunged into the horrors of a war as any one—it should be the very last resort, and only resorted to after all other means have been fully tried all other arguments have failed. We say let every honorable expedient be resorted to that can be, to avert an appeal to this last argument of nations. But if all these fail—if France still persists in her course of injustice and insult—if she shall finally determine to violate her pledged faith, and no other suitable remedy can be devised, we say compel her to respect our rights and our honor though she may have no regard for her own, let the cost be what it may. It is not the amount of money that we should look at—this is nothing—it is the mere dust in the balance,—it is the principle which is involved.

The question at issue is not so much whether France shall pay us one, five or twenty millions as whether we shall humiliate ourselves as a nation, and invite further aggression from other nations by tamely submitting to the injury which the French seem disposed to inflict upon us. Had the patriots of the revolution sat down at the outset and miser-like counted the dollars and cents which a war with Great Britain would cost, and then compared the amount with the insignificant tax of six pence a pound on two or three cargoes of tea, and then determined not to assert their rights because the amount in dispute was so small, where had they now been our independence as a nation? But they saw at once that the great question for them to settle was not whether they should pay the paltry sum required at that time, but whether they should acknowledge the right of Great Britain to tax us at all without our consent—it was the principle involved, not the amount of money, that occasioned the dispute. So in this case, if we tamely permit the French to violate this treaty when the matter is perfectly clear, and our right indisputable, how long will it be before we shall be called upon to make still greater and more humiliating concessions? It is with nations as with individuals—a neglect to assert rights which are clear, only serves to invite fresh injuries. He who tamely submits to insult and wrong, will soon be looked upon as a craven too contemptible to merit better treatment. We would give France every opportunity to do us justice, but should insist upon a full and exact fulfillment of the treaty.

[Free Press & Advocate.

We understand that information has reached the War Department, stating that several encounters have taken place between some of the citizens of Georgia and parties of the Creek Indians who have crossed from Alabama into that State, and committed many depredations. Persons have been killed and wounded on both sides, and the inhabitants seem much alarmed at the conduct and threats of the Indians, and have called upon the Governor of Georgia for a militia force to protect them—and the Governor has requested the "interposition of the President to relieve the citizens of Georgia from this state of things.

These facts furnish additional evidence, if any thing more were required, to show the pressing necessity of an immediate removal of all the Indians east of the Mississippi to the country west of that river.—The Globe.

Mr. De Bohr, a bookseller of New York, will publish in a few days the first volume of a work about which a general curiosity exists in this country—the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by Major Henry Lee. The author is a powerful and polished writer, and has devoted years of labor to this great subject. Whether the life of Napoleon and his wonderful era can be completely written so soon after his downfall, and whether America (more suited than any other nation, by the by, from her distance from his scene of action, to view him impartially) will furnish the historian, are doubts which serve to heighten the curiosity in regard to this work, awakened by the well known abilities of its author. He is said to have pointed out numerous errors in Scott's Life. This, however, cannot be a difficult task, as Sir Walter wrote his work more rapidly than he even did his novels, and wrote it, we believe, for the booksellers. It is consequently, with all its merits, a lively narrative, instead of being a faithful history.

[Baltimore American.

MARRIED.

In this town, by John Dennett, Esq. Mr. JACOB KIDDER to Miss SABRINA DAVIS, both of Dixfield.

In Belfast, Mr. John Bird to Miss Mary Ann Smith.

DIED.

In Minot, Mr. Samuel Hilborn, aged 50.

In Saco, Mr. Bly, aged 60.

In Appleton, Benjamin N. Fairfield, of Saco, aged 34.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Woodstock.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non-residents of the following described lands situated in the town of Woodstock, in the county of Oxford, that the same are taxed in bills committed to me to collect for the year 1835:—

East part of Woodstock.

Owners' Names.	No. Lots.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Unknown	4	64	50	55 1-2
do undivided half	15	50	10	1 1-2
do	21	100	50	55 1-2
do	24	100	30	33 1-2
do	27	100	45	50
do	30	100	20	22 1-2
do undivided half	51	50	25	28
do	73	100	30	33 1-2
do undivided half	79	25	13	14
do	92	50	35	39
do	96	100	50	55 1-2
do	98	100	75	83
do undivided half	105	100	20	22 1-2
do	109	50	12	13
do	110	100	25	28
do	113	100	45	50
do	116	100	30	33 1-2

Delinquent Highway Tax in the East part of Woodstock for the year 1832.

	100	75	2 13
	77	100	84
	96	100	67
	4	64	50
undivided half	15	50	25
	113	100	60
undivided half	51	50	42
	27	100	67
	20	100	17
	21	100	20

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Norv

Unless said taxes with all necessary interesting charges shall be paid to the subscriber, on or before the sixth day of June next, so much of said lands as shall be necessary to pay the same, will be sold at Public Vendue, on said sixth day of June, at nine o'clock A. M. at the store of Francis Bennett, Jr. in said Woodstock.

JOHN BICKNELL, Jr. Collector.

Feb. 12th, 1835.

THE CHILD'S UNIVERSALIST GAZETTE.

THE object of this publication is to furnish the Universalist community with a work particularly adapted to the tastes and capacities of children. Nearly all the religious sects in Christendom have some work of a similar character, with the exception of Unitarianism, which is a world of mental poison, and story books, which are full of mental poison, we are desirous of forming a counter publication, and the work which we here propose to publish will, we are firmly persuaded, meet the wants of our order in this respect. It will contain interesting stories, familiar illustrations of the value and tendency of liberal Christianity, historical and biographical sketches, illustrated with engravings, and poetry, written in an easy and familiar style. In addition to this, each number will contain a piece of music adapted to the capacities of children.

Conditions.—The Child's Universalist Gazette will be published on or about the fifteenth of every month, by W. C. George, at No. 43, Washington street, Boston. Each volume will contain thirty-two neatly printed pages, and afford to subscribers at the low price of one dollar per year, payable in advance.

To those who obtain four subscribers and forward the money therefor free of expense, shall receive a fifth gratis.

All letters and communications must be addressed to Willard C. George, Boston, Mass., and those sent by mail must be post paid.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue on Friday the twentieth day of March next at two o'clock P. M. at the Inn of Levi Abbott, in said County of Oxford, all the estate, right, title and interest which John Fox, of said County, owns, or claims by virtue of a possession or No. 7, and being the same Farm on which the said John Fox now lives.

HEZEKIAH HUTCHINS, Jr. Dep't. Sh'ff.

February 17, 1835.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue on Friday the twentieth day of March next, at two o'clock P. M., at the Inn of Levi Abbott in said County of Oxford, all the estate, right, title and interest which Benjamin R. York of said County, owns, or claims by virtue of a possession or improvement on a certain tract of land situated in said County, and being the same land on which the said Benjamin R. York now lives, and being the same land on which Daniel Sully and Ebenezer York now live.

HEZEKIAH HUTCHINS, Jr. Dep't. Sh'ff.

February 17, 1835.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Denmark.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots and tracts of Land in the town of Denmark, county of Oxford and State of Maine, that said lands are taxed in bills committed to me Collect for the year 1835, as follows:—

Names of Owners.	No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Bellevue S. Park, man formerly taxed to Seth Spring, Abraham Lord, part of 8	8	50	60	78
Sam'l Burbank, part of 3	3	50	70	91
Dragon Meadow, Isaac Lane, Do.	3	100	100	100
Do. Do.	30	30	20	26
Solomon Milliken, Henry Corson, James Jordan farm, Farum Flint part, Nathan Freeman, Do.	30	100	75	98
Do. Do.	50	75	59	
Unless said taxes and all necessary interesting charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Saturday the twenty third day of May next, so much of said lands as shall be necessary to pay the same, will be sold at Public Vendue, on said day at one o'clock in the afternoon at the Store of the subscriber in Denmark.				

TIMOTHY G. HADLEY, Collector of Denmark for 1835.

Denmark, Feb. 7, 1835.

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers appointed by the Judge of Probate in the County of Oxford to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of OLIVER GRISWOLD, late of Fryeburg, deceased, give notice that a further time of four months from the 20th of January instant, is allowed for creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that they will attend to the service of signed them, at the dwelling-house of the deceased in Fryeburg aforesaid, on the third Mondays of February, March and May next.

JUDAH DANA, DANIEL CLEMENT, Com'rs.

Fryeburg, Jan. 20, A. D. 1835.

TAKE NOTICE.

PURSUANT to a License from the Judge of Probate in the County of Oxford, authorizing the subscriber to sell so much of the Real Estate of JOHN COLLEMAN, late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, as will raise the sum of Three hundred Dollars, he hereby gives notice that the real estate of said Colby, consisting of about 50 or 60 acres of unimproved land, situated in said County, will be sold at Public Vendue, to be held at the Store of James O. McMillan, in said Fryeburg, on Saturday the 11th day of April next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of paying of the debts against said Estate.

ANDREW McMILLAN, Administrator.

Fryeburg, Jan. 30, A. D. 1835.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at Simon Norris' in Paris on the twenty-first day of March next at three o'clock P. M., all the right in equity of redemption which Jacob Jackson has to two parcels of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Paris in said County, being the same which said Jackson now occupies, containing about two and one fourth acres; being the same that said Jackson mortgaged to Hanson Melan in 1833, to secure the payment of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, the same having been attached on the original writ in this suit.

SIMEON CUMMINGS, Deputy Sheriff.

February 17, 1835.

WANTED.

IMMEDIATELY by the subscriber, as an apprentice to the Station & Waxen making business, a steady boy from 16 to 18 years old.

ELLIOT SMITH.

Norway, Jan. 16, 1835.

JOEL C. VIRGIN, PRACTITIONER AT LAW.

Bethel, Maine.

Reference, to PERCIVAL VIRGIN, Rumford.

to SYRUS CHASE, Fryeburg.

to NICHOLAS EMERY, Portland.

For Sale, or to Let.

A CARDING MACHINE standing on the little Androscoggin, two and half miles from Paris-Hill. Said Machine is one of the best the County affords with a large run of custom.—Also, A FULLING MILL. For further information apply to

S. CUMMINGS.

Paris-Hill, Feb. 3, 1835.

Executor's Notice.

THE subscribers hereby give public notice to all concerned that they have been duly appointed & taken upon themselves the trust of Executors of the last Will and Testament

ROBERT PAGE,

late of Fryeburg, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. They therefore request all persons who are indebted to the said deceased, to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

JOHN S. BARROWS & ALBION PAGE,

Fryeburg, January 20, 1835.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg within and for the County of Oxford, on the twentieth day of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-five.

JOSEPH KILGORE Administrator of the Estate of county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration on the estate of said deceased,

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the first Tuesday of March next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

COPY Attest, JOHN G. COLB, Register.

Commissioner's Notice.

WE having been appointed by the Hon. STEPHEN EMERY, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of EDMUND TOMBS, late of Hiram, in said County, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent; give notice that six months, commencing on the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1835, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend the service assigned us, at the house of Widow OLIVE TOMBS, in Hiram, on the first Mondays of March, April, May and June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon till four o'clock in the afternoon of each of said days.

JOHN MOULTON, JOHN WARREN.

Porter, January 30th, 1835.

THE SABBATH.

The importance of the Sabbath, in a civil as well as religious point of view, should never be lost sight of by an enlightened legislature. Christianity which can only exist where the Sabbath is revered, has founded all our noble institutions, introduced free government, and general happiness, and with no other compulsory sway, than that of light and love, as the sun reigns over the world; and this alone can pour temporal and eternal riches upon every region of our earth.

The laws of every government professedly Christian, ought to regard the Sabbath as a day of divine appointment, and open profanation of the day by gross and public profligacy, or dissipation, should be prohibited by law. But the strength of the law should be directed at prohibitions rather than injunctions, they should act negatively, not positively; and so long as the operations of law are directed to restrain the irregular and dissolute from open profanation of the day, the peace and good order of society will be maintained, and such measures will receive the approbation of every citizen of any government. Political freedom can never be severed from virtue; virtue is but another name for sense and moral responsibility to God; and this moral sense cannot live in a land where the Sabbath is publicly disregarded. It will ever be a true sentiment, that no legislature can license sin; no human power can make that lawful which is unlawful in itself; nor can any government justify that which the book of nature, and the book of revelation alike proclaim to be contrary to the law of God.

Finally, let all religious observances of the Sabbath be duly attended to, and let Christians everywhere content themselves with the single weapons of persuasion and example;—meaning by persuasion an open and candid statement of facts, arguments and motives; and by example, the conscientious regulation of their own conduct in accordance with the requisitions of the fourth commandment. He who instead of observing its ordinances, abandons himself to profligate or forbidden indulgences, is a Sabbath breaker; so is he who dedicates it to the worship of his own narrow notions, for this is self-idolatry; who saddens it by misery and moroseness, for this is ingratitude towards Heaven; who embitters it with bigotry and intolerance, for this is uncharitableness towards his fellow creatures.—*Harpers Family Library, No. 25.*

Family Devotion. It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved by the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, as she looks to heaven, and pours forth her fervent supplications for the welfare of her children? Who can look with indifference upon the venerable father, surrounded by his family, with his uncovered locks, kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and prosperity? In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feelings, on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hands in prayer, and imploring the invisible yet eternal Father, to bless its parents, its brothers and sisters, and its playmates.

Assault on the Rev. Mr. Cheever.—About noon to day, (Saturday) the Rev. Mr. Cheever of Salem, was assaulted in Essex street, in that town, with a cowhide, by a Mr. Ham, a foreman in the distillery of Deacon Stone. The cause of the attack we understand was in consequence of strong personal reflections on the family of Deacon Stone, in a newspaper (the Landmark), of which Mr. Cheever was the reputed author. The family of Deacon Stone is considered one of the most respectable in the town. The reverend gentleman was severely handled, and the excitement in Salem is very great.—*Briggs' Bulletin.*

Napoleon's Grave. We were bound from India home, and losing sight of the Cape, rolled up through blue waters, and with a lively "trade" to the Ocean Isle (St. Helena.) It was evening when we came abreast of it, and we slackened sail, standing away from it for the night. The moon burst in its richest and most imperial loveliness; the sun rose from a pavilion of purple clouds, and the billows sparkling and dancing under the ship's bows before us, were tinged and scintillated with alternate blue and radiance of pink and silver. Presently the rock rose before us, but it was enveloped with mists, and its sterile heights and savage outline became not on the instant visible. The breeze was brisk, and we neared and neared it, and ere noon, were in its open roadstead at anchor, facing the only accessible point of its coast.—James Town. Impetuously we rushed ashore—the landing was difficult—dangerous. At length we were carried up to the jetty on the back of a heavy surge. We proceeded through a wooden gateway to the town.

In an hour and a half we turned aside from the main road, and, traversing an arid field, came up with Longwood. It was nothing save a barn! The roof was falling in; the walls were dilapidated; cows & horses fed in manure in it. It was deserted; few entered it; it was kept by a woman and her husband, who tended the cattle it gave shelter to. Such was Longwood! Alas, how dismayed we looked, and how bitterly we sighed! There was a bath room, as a memento. * * * The tomb!—the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte by moonlight! What a scene—what a moment—what feelings were those that crowded upon us! The ground we trod seemed sacred; the spot—the atmosphere of the region pervaded by an awe. We advanced; there, to the right hand was the fount—its waters, how crystal, sparkling cold! the fount, how its

babbling fell upon the ear—how like memories were its echoes! We advanced—we were on the margin itself—the margin of the tomb! The silence was intense—oppressive; we were overwhelmed; we clung to the iron railings which enclosed it for support. For a moment we were in darkness—darkness that was total; but again the moon shone out, and then we saw that the face of the sepulchre was characterless—uninscribed! Our hearts beat—we were glad it was uninscribed; what inscription was that which could be inscribed on such a tomb?—*East India Magazine.*

Washington Irving. We are highly gratified to learn that our much admired and distinguished fellow citizen, Washington Irving, has purchased a small property of about ten acres, eminently romantic in its location and appendages, on the bank of the Hudson, near the residence of his nephew, Oscar Irving, about three miles south of the village of Tarrytown. On the premises just mentioned, there is still standing, an old stone house, built in the ancient Dutch style of architecture, during the French war, by Wolfred Acker, and afterwards purchased by Van Tassel, one at least of whose descendants has been immortalized in story by the racy pen of its present gifted proprietor. We also understand that it is the identical house in which the memorable tea party was assembled, so faithfully and so admirably described in the inimitable Legend of Sleepy Hollow, that disastrous night, when the ill-starred Ichabod was rejected by the fair Katrina, and also encountered the fearful companionship of Brom Bones in the character of the headless Hessian. The characters in this delectable drama, are mostly known to our readers. But time, that tells all tales, enables us to add one more item, which is that the original of the sagacious schoolmaster, was not the individual generally considered as such, who still resides in this country,—but Jesse Martin, a gentleman who bore the birchen sway at the period of which the Legend speaks, and who afterwards removed further up the Hudson, and is since deceased. The location is a most delightfully secluded spot, eminently suited to the musings and mastery of the mind; and we are informed that it is the design of the proprietor without changing the style or aspect of the premises, to put them in complete repair, and occupy them as a place of retirement and repose from the business and bustle of the world. Rest, we say, calm and soaring spirit,—yet the consciousness of the proximity, and the reverence we feel for the many excellencies of our countryman, may often urge us, even to intrusion, to seek with feeling friendly grasp, the hand that in obedience to the heart, hath repeatedly refreshed and blessed us with its bland and beautiful conceptions.—*Westchester Herald.*

An inn keeper a successful Preacher. Mr. A. was a speculator of land, and sold a farm to Mr. B., who was an active industrious young man, but in the habit of making too free use of ardent spirits. He settled upon the land, and was much engaged in getting out lumber to pay for it. While on his way with his team from the lot to the wharf, he would never forget to stop at Mr. C.'s tavern, and take what he would call a good drink of grog, the habit of excessive drinking grew upon him, until he was frequently seen intoxicated. At length Mr. A. had occasion to call at the same inn. The landlord observed to him, B. will never pay you for your land; he is growing very intemperate. I know that said Mr. A. but he is a good fellow to work, and when he has cleared up the land and made all the betterments he can, I mean to take the farm back again.—Soon after this, B. came in as usual for his grog. The inn holder related the conversation which had passed between him and Mr. A. This proved a powerful sermon. B. listened with attention, received the mug with a trembling hand, and said this is the last spirit I will ever drink.—He has reformed, paid his debts and is now living in the rational enjoyment of the good things of this life and in the bosom of a happy family. Ye, who are laboring hard to pay for your land, be entreated to learn from this incident an important lesson of instruction.

The following is a fine exhortation to effort from an eminent foreigner:—
"Young gentlemen! Let not the highest of you who hear me this evening be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was originally a greater or a better man than the lowest here. He willed it, and he became it. He must have stood low; he must have worked hard; and with tools, moreover of his own invention and fashioning. He waived and whistled off ten thousand strong and importunate temptations; he dashed the dice box from the jewelled hand of Chance the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each: he ascended steadily the precipices of Danger and looked down with interdict from the summit; he overawed Arrogance with Sedateness; he seized by the horn and overleaped low violence; and he fairly swung Fortune round. The very high cannot rise much higher; the very low may; the truly great must have done it."

Quick Match. Says I "Sukey" and I winked. She says, "Why, John?" "But," says I, "I don't mean something, Sukey." "The deuce, John, you don't! what do you mean?" "I mean to ask if you will have me. There, dang it, it's all out at last." "Have you? yes, John, and be glad too, says Sukey;" and so we started off and had the knot tied about the quickest, and I didn't feel kinder funny, then I hope I may be shot.

Judge Burke, by the hurried manner in which he was accustomed to attend to his own personal concerns sometimes brought the laugh against himself. It is the practice in South Carolina for the judges and members of the bar to wear black gowns in court. The Judge's wife usually wore a dress of the same material and color, and one morning, when his honor had taken his seat upon the bench, enrobed as he thought in his official toga, and was beginning to address the grand jury of one of the counties in the interior, he was not a little surprised and disconcerted to find the whole auditory—jurymen, barristers, tipstaff, and all—burst into a loud laugh at the ridiculous figure of the Judge, who, instead of his own proper gown, sat solemnly arrayed in his wife's black peacock, with his arms stuck out through the pocket-holes; he having in a mistake packed up that feminine garment in his trunk, at Charleston, instead of his own.

Large Calf. Mr. George Hannaford of Cape Elizabeth, raised a bull calf of the common breed last season, that weighed five hundred and forty pounds when he was six and a half months old. He had only half the milk given by the dam the first month—he ran with her afterwards, and was fed with a small quantity of corn stalks.—*[Yankee Farmer.]*

Habits of Hogs. In Minorca, the hog is converted into a beast of draught; a cow, a sow, and two young hogs, have been seen there yoked together. In some parts of Italy, swine are employed in hunting for truffles. A cord is tied round the foot of the animal, and he is led into the field where the plant is found and wherever he begins to dig, it is a sure sign of the plant being immediately under. The hog possesses a sense of smelling and taste in high perfection. Hogs seem to have a great fear of wind; on its approach they fly to their sty with great precipitation; and, before a storm they frequently indicate its commencement by carrying straw in their mouth.—*[English paper.]*

Public Attention

IS most respectfully solicited by the subscriber to an invaluable preparation.

DR. RELFE'S Botanical Drops!

are every year increasing their long-established reputation. They have outlived many rival preparations, and are continually gaining upon public confidence.

They have been successfully administered for many years, as a remedy for—

Scorbuta, Salt Rheum, Leprosy, St. Anthony's Fire, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Scurvy, Foul and Obsolete Ulcers, Sore Legs and Eyes, Scald Head, and Venereal Taint;—and are also successfully used in cases of violent eruptions after the Measles, Red Blotches, Pimples on the Face, Festering Eruptions on the Skin, and other diseases of the external surface, and are one of the best Spring and Autumn Physic known, to free the system from humors.

A Physician of eminence, who had witnessed the efficacy of this article, had the candor recently to acknowledge to the Proprietor, that he considered it the best medicine known, for the complaints for which it is intended, and that it ought deservedly to stand at the head of the whole class of such remedies.

Price \$1 a bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.

Teeth! Gums!

THOSE who would retain or restore these desirable personal advantages, are assured that no composition can be obtained superior to the

BRITISH ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICE, which is exempt from acid and other deleterious ingredients, which too frequently enter the composition of tooth powders in common use, and it whitens the enamel of the teeth, without doing it the least injury. Its application also braces and strengthens the Gums, secures to them their healthy and florid hue, and, by removing all discolorations and offensive foreign accumulations from the teeth, preserves the natural sweetness of the breath.

Price 50 cents.

*None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conway. For sale, with the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover Streets, near Concert Hall, Boston;—and, by his special appointment, by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.

Large discounts to those who buy to sell again. [No. 1.] 65p.

Constable's Sale.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction on Thursday the 12th day of February next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, at the dwelling house of Joshua Dunn, Esq. in Dixfield, all the right in Equity which Thomas Colman 2d has to a part Lot of land lying in and Dixfield, or lot on the 20th of December last when the same was attached on the original writ.

J. H. HUTCHINSON, Constable of Dixfield. Dec 30th, 1834. 3w24

JOB WORK, Executed with neatness and despatch at this OFFICE

RE-PUBLICATION OF THE LONDON, EDINBURGH, FOREIGN, AND WESTMINSTER Quarterly Reviews.

A uniform and correct edition of these valuable periodicals was commenced in this city a few weeks since. The publication commenced with the Westminster Review for January 1834. The April number has since been reprinted, and the number for July is in progress and will be issued in about three weeks. The Foreign Quarterly was taken up with the number for July, and the London Quarterly with the number for August 1834. The Edinburgh will be commenced with the number for October inst.

The numbers of each work are issued separately, and are printed with good type on a large octavo page, and on paper of a superior quality. The size of the numbers differs but very little from the European editions, and their execution is quite as good in every particular.

They will be republished as soon after they are received from Europe as it is possible. It should, however, be remembered, that their appearance in Europe is very irregular, sometimes not appearing for three months from the time indicated on the cover. It is also necessary to be observed that, owing to the time of commencing the publication, there were several back numbers to reprint, so that they could not of course appear as early as would otherwise have been the case.

A number of some of these works will be issued as often as once in three weeks, so that no one of them will be delayed longer than is necessarily required for its proper publication. Price for the whole series, comprising the regular numbers of the London, Edinburgh, Foreign, and Westminster Reviews, \$8 per an.

To those who take less than the whole, the terms will be as follows:—

For three of them \$7 per annum.
For two " 5 "
For one " 3 "

The subscriptions are invariably to be paid within three months from the time of subscribing. From this rule there will be no deviation.

Subscribers at a distance must enclose to least one half of a year's subscription in advance otherwise a second number will not be sent—the terms being so low as not to justify any hazard in obtaining payment.

THEODORE FOSTER.
New York, October, 1834.

PROSPECTUS OF VOLUME EIGHTEEN OF THE New England Galaxy.

JOHN NEAL, & H. HASTINGS WELD, EDITORS.

THE Eighteenth Volume of the GALAXY will commence on the 1st of January 1835. In accordance with a promise given not long since, that the paper should advance in literary merit in proportion as it gained in public favor, we have spared no pains or expense to render it worthy of perusal. PRIZES have been paid for a successful TALE & POEM, and a liberal remuneration has been given for Original Articles.—During the last four months there have been published in the columns of the paper no less than sixteen Original Tales, Essays, &c., making in all, probably a greater quantity of Original matter than has been given of the same quality in any other paper in the United States.

The fact that these exertions have been met by an increase of names upon our subscription list, far exceeding our most sanguine expectations has induced us to engage the services of JOHN NEAL, Esq. of Portland, who will hereafter be associated with H. HASTINGS WELD, Esq. the present editor; in addition to which we offer for Original Articles the following

PRIZES.
For the best ORIGINAL TALE; FIFTY DOLLARS.
For the best ORIGINAL POEM; TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.
For the best Article on a Humorous Subject; TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

The manuscripts may be directed to the Editors of the Galaxy, Boston, post paid, till the last of April, 1835, and the award will be made during the month of May following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked "Name," and the directions of the successful writers only will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the editors of the Galaxy.

Terms of the Galaxy. Three dollars per annum in advance. As we have no agents, persons at a distance who wish the paper can enclose the amount by mail. Postmasters and others who may forward the names of five subscribers and fifteen dollars, shall receive a sixth copy gratis; or a reasonable commission.

Although our list of exchanges is already sufficiently large, and we have felt obliged to decline new ones; we now offer an exchange to any editor who will publish this advertisement—provided always, that the Galaxy is not to be put on a Reading Room file.

MASTERS & MARDEN.
Boston, Dec. 20th, 1834. No. 38 Court Street.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following described lots or tracts of land in the town of Dixfield, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that said lands are taxed in the bills committed to me to collect, for the year 1834, as follows:

Owner's Name.	No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.
Elphalett Dunn's heirs 3) gore delinquent highway tax for 1833	12		7 20
Sylvester Strickland,	3	10	50
J. D. Whitman,	2	4	100
Unknown, Upper Division,	8	33	20
" "	5	4	12
" "	18	10	12
" "	17	10	20
M. Hall, Lower Division	6	8	100
C. Hall,	3	6	125
D. Storor,	13	3	50
Unknown,	18	2	1-2
The Antipas Walker			50

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges shall be paid to the subscriber, on or before MONDAY the 22d day of June next, so much of said lands will be discharged the same, will be sold at Public Vendue on said day, at one o'clock P. M., at the Office of Henry Farwell Esq. in Dixfield.

JAMES H. HUTCHINSON, Collector. Dixfield, January 27, 1835. 2w25

GREAT LITERARY ENTERPRISE.

Prospectus of Two New Volumes of
Waldie's Library for 1835.

THE "Select Circulating Library" has been for some time fairly chased among the established periodical publications of the country, having obtained a credit unprecedented, when the price is considered; this certainly, by allowing greater freedom to our efforts, is calculated to render them at once strenuous and more useful. The object that Waldie's Library had in view, was the dissemination of good new books every where, at the cheapest possible rates, and experience has proved that a year's subscription will pay for one hundred and sixty dollars worth of books at the London prices.

New and enlarged type. Vol. 5, to be commenced early in January, 1835, will be printed with new and enlarged type, rendering the work free from any objection that may have been made by persons of weak eyes.

The *Journal of Belle Lettres*, printed on the cover will be continued without any charge. It contains every week, reviews and extracts from the newest and best books as they come from the press, with the diligence from all parts of the world, and a register of the new publications of England and America, being the earliest vehicle to disseminate such information, and by the perusal of which, a person, however remote from the marts of books, may keep pace with the times.

As it is usual to wish in behalf of a son, that he may prove a better man than his father, so we, without meaning any particular reflection on our former volumes, received with such distinguished favor, hope and trust that our future may surpass them; for experience ought always to produce improvement, more especially when, as in our case, it lessens the number of difficulties we had to encounter in the outset.

The objects the "Library" had in view, were fully detailed in the prospectus; the following extracts from that introductory paper, will prove the spirit of that liberality in which the work was undertaken, and also that we have had no occasion to deviate from the original plan.

Extracts from the Original Prospectus.

In presenting to the public a periodical, entirely new in its character, it will be expected that the publisher should describe his plan and the objects he hopes to accomplish.

There is growing up in the United States a numerous population with literary tastes, who are scattered over a large space, and who, distant from the localities whence books and literary information emanate, feel themselves at a great loss for that mental food which education has fitted them to enjoy. Books are cheap in our principal cities, but in the interior they cannot be procured as soon as published, nor without considerable expense.

To supply this desideratum is the design of the present undertaking, the chief object of which emphatically is, to make good reading cheaper, and to put it in a form that will bring it to every man's door.

Books cannot be sent by mail, while the "Select Circulating Library" may be received at the most distant post office in the Union in from twenty to twenty-five days after it is published, at a little more expense than newspaper postage; or in other words, before a book could be bound in Philadelphia, our subscribers in the most distant states may be perusing it in their parlors.

To elucidate the advantages of the "Select Circulating Library" such as we propose, it is only necessary to compare it with some other publications. Take the *Waverley* novels for example; the *Chronicles of the Conynghams* occupy two volumes, which are sold at \$1.25 each. To procure the advantages of the "Select Circulating Library" such as we propose, it is only necessary to compare it with some other publications. Take the *Waverley* novels for example; the *Chronicles of the Conynghams* occupy two volumes, which are sold at \$1.25 each. To procure the advantages of the "Select Circulating Library" such as we propose, it is only necessary to compare it with some other publications. Take the *Waverley* novels for example; the *Chronicles of the Conynghams* occupy two volumes, which are sold at \$1.25 each.

The publisher confidently assures the heads of families, that they need have no dread of introducing the "Select Circulating Library" into their domestic circle, as the gentleman who has undertaken it, is a native of the literary tastes and habits add a due sense of the responsibility he assumes in catering for an extended and moral community, and of the consequences, detrimental or otherwise, that will follow the circulation of noxious or wholesome mental aliment. His situation and engagements afford him peculiar advantages and facilities for the selection of books. These, with the additional channels created by agencies at London, Liverpool and Edinburgh, warrant the proprietor in guaranteeing a faithful execution of the literary department.

It would be supererogatory to dilate on the general advantages and conveniences which such a publication presents to people of literary pursuits who are located, but more particularly to those who reside in retired situations—they are also obvious that the first glance cannot fail to flash conviction of its eligibility.

TERMS.—The "Select Circulating Library" is printed weekly on a double column sheet of fine paper, fourteen pages with three columns on each, and mailed with great care so as to carry with perfect safety to the most distant post office.

It is printed and finished with the same care and accuracy as book work. The whole fifty two numbers form two volumes well worth preservation, of 416 pages each, equal in quantity to 1200 pages, or three volumes of Bee's Cyclopaedia. Each volume is accompanied with a Title-page and Index.

The price is Five Dollars for fifty two numbers of sixteen pages each,—a price at which it cannot be afforded unless extensively patronized.—*[Payment at all times in advance.]*

Agents who procure 5 subscribers, shall have a receipt in full by remitting the publisher \$20, and a proportionate compensation for a larger number. This arrangement is made to increase the circulation to an extent which will make it an object to pay agents liberally. Clubs of five individuals may thus procure the work for \$4 00, by uniting in their remittances.

Subscribers, living near agents, may pay their subscription to them; those otherwise situated may remit the amount to the subscriber at his expense, if payment is made in money at par in Philadelphia. Our arrangements are all made for the fulfillment of our part of the contract.

Subscribers' names should be immediately forwarded, in order that the publisher may know how many to print for the forthcoming volumes. ADAM WALDIE, No. 207, Chestnut street, basement story of Mrs. Swerd's Philadelphia House, Philadelphia, December, 1834.

THE PORT FOLIO AND COMPANION TO THE LIBRARY.

A. WALDIE also publishes "The Port Folio and Companion to the Select Circulating Library" in the same form, every two weeks, at half the price of the Library.—It contains extracts from the best English periodicals, and a vast amount of popular information on Literature, Science, History, &c. adapted to all classes of Readers, Sketches, Biography, and the general contents of a magazine.

Clubs remitting \$10 00 receive five copies, being the cheapest reprint ever sent from any country.—Individual subscriptions \$3 00; to those who take the Library also, \$2 50.

Notice!

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, on account of more than one year's standing, are requested to call and settle by Note or otherwise.

Dec. 4, 1834. FRANCIS BENNIS.